

# POPISH POLITICKS UNMASKED.

**W**alking (some Ten years since) along the Park,  
One Summer Eve, before it was quite dark;

I fancied 'mongst a Grove of Trees I spy'd  
A man stand musing by the Water side:  
I wish 'twas but a fancy, but I doubt  
You'll find it none when you have heard it out.  
This Person was a very tall, black man,  
Above the common size almost a span,  
His Face was wasted in most piteous sort  
In all things else he was of Royal port:  
But if grim-looks alone Majestick be,  
Commend me to that Face for Majesty;  
For such it had enough for two or three.  
To this Tall Man join'd instantly another  
Of near his Stature, whom he called Brother,  
Richly encircled with a numerous Ring,  
Which shew'd he wanted nought but Name of King;  
Some time they silent were, till all were gon,  
Then did the Taller say, Brother go on,

Which thus he did—

I shall, Great Sir, my last Discourse retrieve,  
I pray you good attention to it give  
Your case peculiar is, peculiar too  
Must be your care, or you'll your self undo;  
For Stations high with Industry and Wit,  
A second way may find, if first don't hit:  
But Princes mounted on a Sovereign Throne  
Nor have, nor can have other way but one  
To curb the saucy vulgar, and pull down  
Their Cobweb Rights that Circumscribe the Crown.  
Tear off your Shackles, make the Bumkins know  
There's none but you Almighty here below.  
You spoil your Game, Sir, while you do thus dally,  
Who follows him that standeth, shall I, shall I?  
You Cow the Bold, and Keen the Cowards heart,  
Whilst you, divided, Act the Doubtful part.  
Had you, when London was in Flames, but run (done,  
And Cut the Gitts damn'd Throats, your work you'd  
You should have made their Blood the Fire to meet,  
With Bodies fed the Flames in every Street.  
To do and undo, suits well sorry things,  
But 'tis beneath the Majesty of Kings:  
*Cæsar* or nothing's writ on all they do;  
For Monarchs know no Medium 'twixt these two.  
What is't you stick at, Sir! Would you retreat?  
You're now so far Engaged you must beat  
Or Beaten be, Ride or be Ridden now,  
He never back must look that holds the Plow.  
It may be you'd not Promise break, nor Oath,  
Pish! All the World well know you can do both.  
With great advice the other day you said  
By Parliaments and Counsels you'd be sway'd:  
To day you think it good to let them know,  
What e're you said, you ne're intended so:  
Fools to their Word, but Princes great, like you,  
To nought but their Intentions must be true.

What! Is't the Laws you tender are to break?

It's well known that's a scruple but too weak:  
For Laws are nothing else but Tyes and Bands,  
On purpose made to Shackle Subjects Hands.  
Or, of fit Tools is't you so doubtful are?  
If that be it, I'll ease you of your Care;  
I Villains of intrinsick value have,  
And more Obedient than a Turkish Slave:  
If you but bid them thrust their bloody Knives  
Into their Fathers Throats, their Childrens, Wives,  
Or any but their own, they'll freely do't,  
And lay them sprawling at your Sacred foot.  
I have my Teagues and Tories at my beck  
Will wring their Heads off like a Chickens neck;  
Try'd Rogues, that never will so much as start  
To tear from Mothers Belly Infants Heart,  
First Rape, then rip them up, in one Half-hour  
Two Lusts they'll satiate, do but give them power.  
Faint Rogues will melt, and have their qualms of fear  
At Fathers Groans, or at a Mothers Tear,  
But mine are Monsters, fit for any Prince, (Sense.  
Not plagu'd with Conscience, nor yet plagu'd with  
The Flames of Hell, Horror, Eternal pains,  
The Clergy's Cheats to propagate their Gains,  
They Ridicule and scorn to lend their Ear,  
Let Knaves for Profit Preach, and Fools go hear,  
The Tales of Future Bliss, not worth a Rush.  
With them one Bird in Hand's worth two i'th' Bush.  
Others won't serve you but on constant Pay,  
My Hounds will Hunt, and live upon their Prey;  
A Virgins Haunch, or well Bak'd Ladies Breast  
To them is better then a Ven'son Feast;  
Babes Pettitoes, cut large with Arms and Leggs  
They far prefer fore Pettitoes of Piggs;  
Poor Span-long Infants, that like Carps, well Stew'd  
In their own Blood, their Irish Chaps have Chew'd;  
And Fathers Cauls have Candles made to Light  
Those black Inhumane Banquets of the Night.  
What e're you'd have, what e're your wishes craves,  
Nod, and 'tis done by my Obedient Slaves.  
They know no Scruple, no Command dispute,  
But do't as readily as Turkish Mute.  
You see, Sir where you are, your Royal date  
Grows out, if you don't soon support your Fate.  
To Shake off Parliaments will be too great,  
And put you in too violent a Sweat,  
To Baffle therefore, but not cast them off,  
To hold them still, but hold them still in Scoff,  
Must be your work; For we are weaken'd so,  
That we must drive the Nail that now will go:  
And that too, we must do with gentle hand  
That tho' they fit, they may not understand.  
When January comes, Cold and ill way  
Will call it Love to put them off till May,  
In May some odd Intelligence comes new,  
Won't suffer you to hold them until July,

And

And *July* so with Heat and Sicknefs vex,  
 Pitty Prorogues them to *November* next.  
 And time is ill spent, if before that day  
 We be not able to throw Mask away.  
 This far exceeds Dissolving in my mind,  
 And gives to our Design a better Blind;  
 For if Two Parliaments you slight, I doubt  
 The Rogues will then begin to Scent us out;  
 For (Watchful, with Erected Ears) the Herd  
 Stand listning now concern'd, and much afraid;  
 A Covey, half o're-spread, half Scap'd the Net  
 Are always harder than at first to set:  
 So People slip out of the Noose, or Train,  
 Are much the harder to be catcht again.  
 With Prorogations therefore short, and soft  
 They must be Treated; These repeated oft  
 Will chafe them so, that either mad with rage,  
 They'll bring their Old Rebellion on the Stage,  
 Or fullen sit, and leer on what we do,  
 (The far more dangerous humour of the two)  
 Their dogged Nature now its venom vents  
 In choosing Damn'd and plaguy Parliaments;  
 Poor fools, their Rage does quite out-run their Wit,  
 Yet you must never suffer them to sit,  
 But mock the Choice, and mock the Session too.  
 Another way, Sir, we our work will do;  
 One Plot is better than ten Parliaments,  
 Those give you Taxes, these shall give you Rents;  
 A Thousand of the Richest we will Scrue  
 Into a Plot they ne'r heard of, nor knew.  
 If Rents 3000*l.* a Day, won't do,  
 I'll three times three, by this Plot help you to  
 This, Sir's, your business, and look to your Stuff;  
 Is all your care, for we have Rogues enough;  
 Do you but Judges get, I le Juries find;  
 Witnesses too, according to our mind,  
 Such Spruce Rogues, ah! 'twould do you good to hear  
 How daring bold, and bravely they will Swear;  
 They're not like *Bedlow*, *Dugdale*, *Oates* and such  
 Consider first, for fear to speak too much,  
 Nor let their Conscience maim their Evidence,  
 Through tender fear of hurting Innocence:  
 Nor do I care for a Phanatick Noose,  
 All are Phanaticks that have ought to lose.  
 Judge, Witnesses and Jury Ple make sure,  
 The Devil's in't if all ben't then secure.  
 Yet if this fails don't you discourag'd be,  
 To form new Plots, leave to my Priests and me;  
 Like Pins one Plot another shall drive out,  
 Till we have brought our onely Plot about.  
 Our first work is to save our Friends, that done,  
 Like shirts to our backs, we'll have more Plots than one;  
 As fast as this fails, t'other we will start,  
 Till Plot, like Pox, have seiz'd on every part.  
 They fain would foil our Plots, and fill your Ears  
 With Regicide intents to raise your fears,  
 This fruitless Gun, that Dagger stabs your Belly,  
 When you know all, better than they can tell ye.  
 Go on, Sir, never fear the heedless Herd,  
 They have no Courage but when you're afraid:  
 On me lay all the fault of Town and Age,  
 I'll safely screen you from the Peoples Rage;  
 For when ill accidents our Plots do spoil  
 Me they'll call Rogue, but you must sacred stile:  
 For Loyalty av's them in every thing,  
 Tho you destroy them, yet God save the King,  
 Tho you them stab and but hold the Knife,  
 Yet still they'll with your Majesty long life.

Thus, great Sir, you're the greatest Prince alive;  
 If Plots according to our projects thrive;  
 And thrive they shall; if you'll but do your part,  
 And from proposed methods never start:  
 For Plots like Clock-work are; one Pin pull'd out  
 Doth all its Order, and its Beauty rout,  
 Steady your hand, keep Parliaments at Bay,  
 Nor off, nor on, nor Working, nor at Play,  
 Clip every Tongue you find do hang too long,  
 (Tis taking wind makes every thing scent strong.)  
 Thus if you do, ill fortune I'll defy,  
 All other things pray leave to Fate and I:  
 And now adieu, I'll dive beneath the show,  
 And act my Popish Will by Art below.

He being gone, in steps a certain Lord,  
 Who had of all was said heard every Word.  
 Great Sir (said he) who can tell what to say?  
 If you by Popish Councils mean to sway,  
 Curs'd be those Councils! and the Men that do  
 Perswade you to our Ruine, and yours too.  
 A Thousand Names, ten thousand let your Brother  
 In's next Book write, if he dares write another:  
 Ten Gentrys Names for one that he hath got,  
 Nay let him name us all in the next Plot.  
 All but the Papists Sir, — all but a few  
 Of Rome's sworn Vassals and her Clergy Crew.  
 Bate but this fort, and then take you the Pole,  
 You'll hardly get another English Soul.  
 Afsoon as will then let your Brother draw  
 High'r Huffs, yet he shall never *England* aw;  
 On our side stand the People, and the Law:  
 For don't mistake, Sir, 'tis by Law alone  
 Your Rights derived to our English Throne,  
 Set that aside, and make the Law a sham,  
 No Sovereign you, nor I a Subject am;  
 For that same Law that gives you Dignity,  
 Gives me my Life, Fortune and Liberty:  
 Pardon, if with less reverence this is said,  
 Than doth become a Member to its Head;  
 For it found Doctrine is, tho Cully Brother  
 And Popish Wits would fain find out another.  
 Within the Circle of the Law, great Sir,  
 I stand, and out of it I'll never stir:  
 If to be King you be content, I will  
 Pay all Allegiance and Obedience still;  
 The Peoples Rights, and all our English Laws  
 Do make the strongest side the subjects Cause:  
 Nor can your keeping us from Parliaments  
 E're further or advantage your Intent.  
 Far greater are the Choosers than the Choice,  
 Englands Free-holders have a mighty voice;  
 These we'll unite, these we'll associate,  
 And if we can't defend our Lives and Fate  
 We'll fairly fall, and Freemen to our Graves  
 We'll rather choose to go, than to be slaves.  
 Our Ancestors shan't Curse us in their Tomb,  
 Nor shall our Children in their Mothers Womb.  
 They left us Free, and we ours Free will leave.  
 Or Death our Hopes and Us shall both deceive.

Thus said — with angry looks He went his way;  
 No answer from his greatness could I pray;  
 Then I trudg'd too; for vain it was to stay.

FINIS.

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